

BROADWAY NIGHTS

August

25¢



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Sex Under the Big Tops

.....In this issue

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BROADWAY NIGHTS

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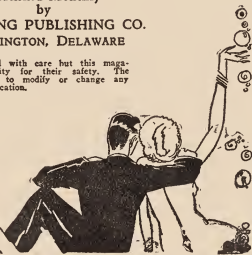
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Strange as it may seem, the barker who waxes so eloquent about the charms of the Couchee dancer is none other than the young woman's husband.

Sex Under the Big Tops

*Pity the poor circus girl—she leads a hard life! There
are always shadows on her tent wall*

THERE is a vast army of girls in the show business who could be designated as shock troops.

Taking the several branches of the War Department at Washington for a simile these particular girls would be termed the Marines, the Leathernecks,

They have a distinct moral code, they create their own manners and customs and are seldom, if ever, identified with actual show business, as the production of legitimate musical comedies and musical plays are known.

These girls always speak of themselves as being in the show business, and still the show business, as it is recognized, is as foreign to them as a faculty conference in a university.

Girls who make up the personnel of all the tent shows, those indigenous to street fairs, carnivals, side shows of circuses, the wandering fakir exhibitions and all the gypsy amusement life of summer outdoors form a little world all their own.

A different language from that of the Broadway wise-crackers is spoken by the girls of the outdoor amusement life. In the neigh-

borhood of the Double-Cross Roads of the World, or as the municipal street signs would indicate, Broadway and Forty-second Street, the Doll would tell her Jazz Baby Friend that the Sucker from the Sticks was "soft." The meaning would be that the visiting Small Townner was easy prey for her grafting.

Under canvas the girls are Janes, and Broads and Dames to the men folks and the girls themselves get into the habit of referring to other girls in such terms. To them the Small Townners are "Rubes" and the more elegant just "Townners". A native who is susceptible to easy grafting is referred to by these girls as "Easy Picking", the simile having been taken, possibly, from the domestic custom of softening a fowl in hot water after it is slain, which process makes the plucking of the feathers from the carcass an easy matter. But be that as it may we must leave the origin of the expression to the etymologists—the main fact is that these girls have their own methods of origin-

ating the rural wisecracks. There is not much uniformity of either slang or moral

*By
Charles Bochart*

codes among this meandering class of girls. The reason for this is that they have no central clearing houses for the exchange of ideas like the night clubs of the White Light section of New York. Each little caravan is a unit in itself, the individuals encountering one another only out of season and quite by accident. For these shows make a practice of trying to avoid one another and keeping out of each other's territory—at least at the same time. Each community must be given a rest between visits of tent shows, or else the business suffers.

The methods of assembling these shows is one of the things that helps to mould the moral code. There are no large salaries such as the \$300-a-week show girl now common on Broadway, and the \$5,000-a-week prima donna or dancer. The salaries are meager and quite uncertain of ever being paid. Consequently it is largely a matter of friendship and congeniality with these tent associations. A long siege of rainy weather will wipe out a whole season's profits, making the remuneration of such existence very problematical and precarious.

Proprietors of tent organizations gather about themselves first the people they know and whom they know will listen to reason when good reasons arise for the postponement of salary days. There is a great deal to give and take and considerable forbearance on both sides in this branch of the amusement business. The owners of the shows are ever ready to grant favors to recurrent associates. It is an easy matter for a canvas man or roustabout to get "one of his girls" in the show. The owner knows that the resultant contentment of having each other is going to be a big aid to him when stress of circumstances makes it necessary to ask favors of the employees.

The performers and attendants in

these shows like to renew old associations and view renewals of such associations as opportunity to either repay past favors or collect past obligations—as Luck or Fate may work out on each new season.

Such girls as are placed in shows in this manner look upon loyalty to their benefactors as a paramount virtue far superior to a marriage ceremony. These girls realize fully that the casual friend can have none but an ulterior motive and they display no more than a superficial interest in the persons with whom they come in contact along the road.

Tent-show girls will exchange persiflage and good-natured ribaldry with the town folks, but they never permit these exchanges to become very personal. Both the men and women are of quite direct natures. They have none of the subtlety prevalent on Broadway where a man friend has little objection to his girl friend stepping out with other men if the other men are going to advance the cause of the girl. The denizens of the tents are a jealous lot, on both sides. The men are ready to fight for their women and the women are ready to do a little feminine slugging if their men step out of bounds, or if poaching females try any wiles on their accepted mates. Many of these associations result in real marriages, and a great many of the attachés of tent shows are married couples.

Strange as it may seem the barker who waxes so eloquent about the charms of the Couchee Dancer, extolling the voluptuousness of her body and the allurements of her movements is none other than that young woman's husband. Unabashed he pleads with the public to come in and behold physical revelations that should be reserved for the bed room or the privacy of a Turkish Harem. If either of them thought there was anything wrong in the exhibitions they would not be there—that



is the queer psychological twist to the thing. To them all wrong is in the mental attitude. Alone in their section of the Carnival sleeping car they laugh long and boisterously, at times, over the "rubes" who pay good money to gaze enraptured upon the uncovered naval of a woman when every woman in their town has a similar anatomy.

The girls themselves wonder why the "hicks" pay money to come in and view their bare limbs when most of the townswomen display almost as much flesh as they sit on the front porches

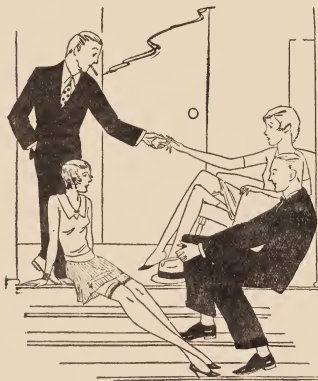
of their homes at dusk waiting for night to fall and the movies to open—with their knees crossed or their feet on balustrade cross pieces. To them it is a queer world—making a living on such a trivial thing as their anatomy. For most of these girls depend wholly upon a display that is anticipated by the audience as immodest. Few have any talent. They are just girls who are willing to endure the hardships of the life from sheer necessity or a love of adventure and wanderlust.

Outdoor life tends to make the girls

of tent shows firm of flesh and dark of complexion. They have to depend upon other wiles than coloring to create a sex

Unattached girls in tent shows view their work with an almost masculine attitude. To them the aspect is just

about the same as for the girls who don aprons at 7:00 a. m., and bake crackers in a biscuit factory. The only difference is that the tent show girls have such long hours, work so hard, are so ready for rest when time permits it, that they have less time in which to follow any personal inclinations that may arise in their mind. The men with whom they come in contact in a business way treat them as an adjunct of business—there is seldom a personal touch. The strangers who seek their association the girls feel, have primarily a base purpose. Very seldom do any of the girls in this field have any exceptional facial beauty. If they had they would be seeking more remunerative and more



—the hick townswomen display almost as much flesh as they sit at dusk waiting for the movies to open.

appeal. For this reason more of them than girls in the regular theatres stick to long hair. They share equally with the men the hardships and long hours of their life. This is one of the things that makes, to them, a mystery of bodily appeal. The men and women meet on such an equal footing that to them nothing is sexy except the actual marital relations. There is a similar condition in the circus life and this is one of the things that has upheld the high moral standard of the sawdust arena.

congenial employment in regular shows. No one knows better than the girl herself her own limitations. She realizes, also, her lack of mental training which has precluded a more elevating line of endeavor. Some of them do have an attractive body in so far as feminine outlines go, but most of them have defects which have kept them out of continuous work in the legitimate shows.

The girls' knowledge of all these shortcomings place them on the defen-

sive from the start. It is much more difficult for a man who has been genuinely attracted to one of these girls to convince her of his interest than it is with the average girl. Ever ready to exchange repartee and match wits with the passing world the girls of the tent shows hold their body more sacred than do the Broadway butterflies. The tent-show girl is ready to resent, with a blow, almost the first laying on of hands by a male friend without encouragement. A waist hug, upon which the average show girl would look with indifference, would be the signal for a good poke in the ribs from a tent-show girl.

There is a reason for this difference in attitudes. The girls of the theatre have the sex appeal of their bodies accentuated until they are almost caloused to it. They strip to the last vestige of bodily covering in the theatre for each change of costume; they grow careless about their body, roaming through dressing room hallways quite nude. But the tent-show girl, making her changes of costume in tents where lurking shadows are always in evidence, very seldom strips to the skin in the dressing room or the living quarters. If the costumes call for no underdressing such costumes are so donned that only a portion of the body is exposed at a time. Ordinarily tent-show costumes are donned over underclothing that affords ample protection. Weather and

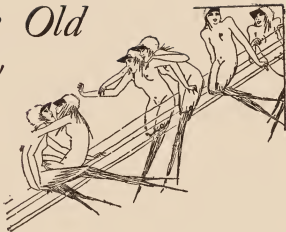
other conditions necessitate this habit, and it has a bearing on the mental attitude of the habitue.

Classed with the tent-show girls should be the myriad of girls who make up the choruses of stock burlesque all over the country, and who have approximately the same viewpoints. The nearest these girls ever get to the Gay White Way is on the "running board" of one of the New York burlesque theatres. Once in a long time a girl who has sought experience in burlesque braves the lairs of the legitimate and scales the heights to success. But the rule is that these girls are in the show business without knowing much concerning legitimate high class productions. They have defects of body or age which sidetrack them to burlesque and there they remain. And burlesque, with two performances a day, and usually seven days a week, and often with extra midnight shows means nothing but a daily grind. There is not much glamour or romance in this branch of the game. And naturally girls to whom life is so hard take it more seriously or more carelessly, according to their temperaments. If serious they are extremely serious and the boys find them, as they term it on Broadway, "hard-boiled". If the girls in burlesque are hairbrained they are the other extreme, quite careless, and as free and easy, morally as a traditional Hottentot.



The Same Old Story

By Russ King



*I want the kind
Of girl who's game
For love that sizzles
Like a flame;*

*The sort of girl
Who's not too proud
To hug and kiss me
In a crowd.*

*Who'll take my word
And never doubt it,
Who wants love, and
Can't do without it.*



*A girl who, when
We're quite alone
Will bite my lips
And not her own!*



TRUE ENOUGH!

First Actress: "Where does she get all those clothes and that jewelry?"

Second Actress: "Goodness knows."

"Aw, gwan!"

FAR FROM BROADWAY

"IS SHE INNOCENT?"

"SAY, WHAT THAT GIRL DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT LOVE WOULD FILL A NURSERY!"



A gaily decorated car seen speeding along upper Broadway after a wedding bore on the back in large letters this inscription:

"Aisle Altar Hymn"

"My son," lectured the stern matron, "and would you bring this —chorus girl—to your home?"

"Not with dad around!" he answered.





*"Getting warmer," he crowed triumphantly.
This time the flask found her mouth.*

WHOOPEE!

By Jack Woodford

"I DON'T know you!" the man objected, as he took his lips off the girl's and sat up very straight and solemn. There was a cold wind coming in one of the taxi windows; they were driving along the north reaches of the Drive, and the wind was straight off the Hudson.

"Are you try'in ruin me?" the girl objected, tipsily. "Kissing me like that! How dare you kiss me at all? Who are you? Where did you come from? Who am I? Where did I come from? Say! Who ordered this taxi? Where's it going? How did I get into it? How did you get into it? Who opened the

He looked around carefully.

"No! No!" she yelled, in irritation. "You're all wrong. And you're tickling me. Quit it!"

"Wish knew where I found you!" he sighed. "Nice girl. Would go back there lotsa times."

"Yeh," she agreed. "But be careful."

"Listen," he said, suddenly sobering. "We couldn't of grew up in this taxi cab. We musta been somewhere before we got into it. Mustn't we of been?"

"Course!"

"Well, if you're so smart, where was it?"

"It was a place where lossa people dance. It was a place where lossa people drink lossa things. I want to go back there. Where's that flask? I thought you came down here to get the flask. You're misbehaving. I want to go back upstairs."

"No!" declared the man. "I'll buy another drink, but won't go upstairs."

Presently his roaming hands felt something smooth. He picked up the flask.

"Here 'tis!" he cried out, triumphantly a moment later. "Open mouth and shut a eye. Give you somepin make you cry!" He started to empty the flask down the back of her neck. She screamed.

"Say!" he said. "Gotta idea. Yell like that again." She yelled again.

"Gett'ing warmer," he said. "Again!" She yelled again. This time he found her mouth. He tried to kiss her and sing Sweet Adeline at the same time. But it wouldn't work. So,

after a minute of solemn reflection he decided that you could not both have, your song and eat it. So he concentrated upon kissing her.

Suddenly she folded up around him, like a crab folding up around a stick poked at it. He had just found a delightful hollow in her neck that tasted good, when the cab stopped with a jolt.

The doorman said to the chauffeur, after he had looked into the cab:

"Take them around to the back. We'll carry them up the freight elevator."

Presently the man found himself strangely in a room that looked familiar to him. He looked around for the girl. At first he thought there were four girls there. He started to grab one of them, but it was the wrong one. He tried the other three and finally found her.

"Lay off me, Big Boy," she said, rocking back and forth dangerously. "Tired." She narrowed down to one girl. To his astonishment she started tearing off her clothes and throwing them into every corner of the room.

Presently a vision stood before him which almost sobered him. And then the vision dived and landed in the middle of the bed.

The man stood looking down at her fearfully. He managed to pull some covers over her. A very bright idea came to him. He staggered to the wall and took the telephone off the hook. Called down to the clerk:

"Say! There's woman up here in my room. Who is she?" The clerk called back in some anger:

"It's your wife, you *\$&?**)— Go to bed!"



The Break of Battling Babe

By E. W. SMITH

I'M one of these here big-hearted, but rough-and-ready babies. I made my pile all in one night by Kayoing Bill the Bruiser. I'm a nifty dresser, see? I got a line . . . not fancy, but good. Show me the Main Stem Moll that won't come when I whistle and I'll show you a girl whose mother never had any children.

But I'm getting so I don't care for these Weaknesses any more. Their loving is all right but you can't sock them without hearing their heads rattle. Empty. See?

A guy like me likes Build that he uses for to have a dome on the a romp ground. Get me?

Comes a night when I meet the Big Dream. She's all that I ordered and extra, too. She was dumped out of one of these here swell schools in Paris. Her old man has money; the nice kind that he never had to work for.

She's blonde and curvy. She puts her little hook into mine and squeals: "So you are Battling Babe. How adorable! I've been wanting to meet you for ages. I mean, I think you're marvelous!"

Here's your chance to make a knock-out, I tell myself. I'm all set to do it too, but . . . I don't know. A feeling comes over me. I want to do something and I want to do it bad. But she's the kind would walk out on me if I tried it. She's class. She's not like the other babies I've shared the blankets with.

I couldn't hold it back. It's a strong feeling and it's apt to get a man when he's with the most refined of women. I'm a normal guy and I get that way quite often.

I saw her looking at me in a funny way. I felt it coming . . . coming. I couldn't control it; I couldn't stop. I yawned right in her face!



THE TRAP

By Clinton Harcourt

TWO men stood in the foyer of the Club Cactus. One was tall, slim, with a powdering of grey at his temples. His correct evening attire hinted more of Park Avenue than of the second rate night

dancing team had finished its tango. The lights had been lowered for a chorus specialty number. Twenty girls whose nudity was only partially covered by beads and feathers had streamed out through the performers' entrance.



Twenty girls whose nudity was only partially

club. His companion was smaller, stocky and blackavised. He, too, wore a dinner suit but its fit was poor and he resembled the Broadway type in all details.

The revue at the Club Cactus was about half over. The South American

The orchestra, vamping the tango's tempo, switched its rhythm to straight jazz, the spotlight on the balcony hissed and a burst of song arose above the music.

The tall man touched his companion's arm. He had thrust his head

Don't miss the excitement! Read this tense story of Broadway racketeers—of the trap set for the leader of the underworld gang—of Wanda for whom two men fought. Get next to the sensational disclosures of excitement-mad Broadway!

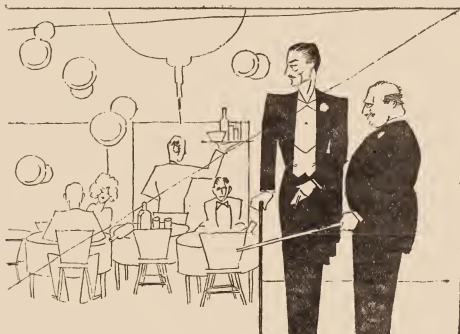
forward but he did not speak until the kicking legs of the girls swung around toward them. Their double line ranged from one side of the floor to the other.

"Last girl on the end!" the tall man said in a low tone. "See her? The little blonde. The girl with the

"Say, I ain't liable to forget a knock-out like her! I'll remember, don't worry about that!"

"Take another look," the one beside him advised. "A good long look before we fade!"

All unconscious of the intent scrutiny



covered by beads and feathers streamed out

purple feather headdress."

"So that's Wanda Lyman," the man beside him whispered.

"Think you'd know her again? In her clothes, for instance? On the street?"

The other laughed under his breath.

of the two men in the foyer, Wanda Lyman sang and danced mechanically. The revue was in its tenth week at the night club. Wanda was growing a little tired of doing the same thing twice each night.

She thought half dreamily of Con

Keller as she kicked her shapely legs and swung her rounded arms. She was never able to quite make up her mind about Con. There were times when she half decided to do what he wanted. Then there were other times when she vaguely distrusted him, was a bit afraid of him.

Keller, Broadway song plugger, was nothing at all like Richie Grandin but then, of course, the suave, rich and polished Grandin was not likely to regard her in any light other than that of a little night club performer who had once stepped out on a party with some of his friends.

Presently the dance and song was over. The prima donna, daringly undressed for the flashing finale, dropped her cape of sparkling brilliants. The lights went on, glowing like misty moons in the smoke haze, and the orchestra thumped away lustily. Applause, the concluding high notes, and then Wanda was in the narrow corridor that led back to the single room near the kitchen where the chorus dressed.

She changed rapidly to street clothes. Her frock was a fair imitation of a more expensive gown, her little felt hat was new enough and her absurdly high heeled slippers twinkled. The other girls, in all degrees of nudity, lounged and gossiped with their cigarettes. Eddie Judy, the floor manager of the club, had sent in a couple of quarts of gin. They were already beginning to share it when Wanda nodded and opened the door.

"Wait'll the lights turn green!" someone called after her.

"Are you crazy—passing up the fusel oil?"

"Watch out for Beau Armstrong! He'll catch you if you don't behave!"

"Nighty-night, Wanda!"

Their voices followed her to the door that gave on the side street. Eddie Judy had made it a rule for the girls

of the chorus to leave and enter the Club Cactus by that exit. Wanda stepped into the quiet side street and shaped a course toward Broadway.

Had she bothered to look back over her shoulder she might have noticed a short, stocky man who stepped out of a parked taxicab and leisurely sauntered toward the great incandescent thoroughfare, on the opposite side of the street. But thoughts of Con Keller occupied Wanda's thoughts entirely.

Though it was well past the midnight hour Manhattan's mainstem still burned like a high-heaped bonfire. The huge sky signs glittered and revolved. Traffic rushed by. The theatre lobbies were dark but the night clubs and dance places were softly illuminated palaces. Wanda crossed Longacre and turned into Murats.

The doorman nodded to her.

"Looking for Con, kid?"

"I have a date to meet him here," Wanda explained.

"He's inside, fooling with the black and whites! I'll send and have him tabbed." He dispatched a messenger and kept the easy conversation going while Wanda waited. "By the way, did you read about how they smeared up that truckload of booze down near Rockaway? Some say it was Beau Armstrong's stuff. They tried to get the truck crew to squawk but there was nothing doing."

Wanda gazed out into the pageant of Broadway. She was a little weary of eternally hearing about Beau Armstrong. The man was a mystery character on Broadway. No one could identify him but yet he existed and there were a hundred tales about him.

Some said he lived like an Indian potentate, surrounded by beautiful women and luxury. Others believed that Beau Armstrong was an ordinary Broadway racketeer and high class bootlegger. There was another group who



Some said he lived like an Indian potentate, surrounded by women and luxury

expressed the opinion that the man of mystery was merely a wealthy Wall Street magnate who assumed the title of Beau Armstrong so that it might cover his orgies with liquor and women. On every hand there was speculation and rumors. Wanda had heard nearly all of them.

"I don't believe there's any such person," she murmured.

Murats door man looked shocked.

"You don't? Kid, you're fooling yourself. There *is* a Beau Armstrong along this main street and he's getting away with murder!"

"How do you know?"

Before he could venture an opinion Con Keller loomed up in the doorway.

"Hello, baby. Waiting long? Half a sec till I get my skimmer. Be right with you."

Keller, in the employ of a Tin Pan Alley music publisher, was tall, slim and good looking in a wise and worldly way. His dark hair was touched with gray at the temples. He wore his well cut evening clothes with a jaunty air. Wanda had known him for three months—since the evening he had first come to the Club Cactus to try out some of his firm's song hits.

"Want to shuffle a bit?" Keller asked, when they went outside.

"I'm tired," Wanda answered.

"Then I'll fifteen-and-five you home to the flat. Come to think of it," Keller said, "I'm no live wire myself to-night."

In the cab, he took her in his arms but Wanda was in no mood for his heavy loving. She was tired and, oddly, she had a faint presentiment of impending trouble. It was nothing definite, nothing she could single out with any accuracy. It was shadowy and nebulous but it lingered.

"Don't paw me, Con."

He kissed her and chuckled.

"Why not? Don't you belong to me?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you will soon! I'll tell you more about it when we get up to your dive. Have a heart, honey. Can't you see I've got a terrible yen for you to-night?"

Wanda's "flat" was in the Eighties, near Columbus Avenue. The building was elderly but the rent was cheap. She leased its three rooms furnished and, with the salary Eddie Judy paid her, was just able to get an even break. Con Keller followed her in, shut the door and waited until the lights were switched on in the poorly furnished living room before he ran an arm around her.

Wanda, sweeping the room with a glance, suddenly stiffened.

"Con! Somebody's been in here since I left at five o'clock!"

She saw his rather prominent brows go up and his eyes narrow. He said nothing for a minute, looking questioningly at her. Then he laughed.

"Applesauce! What would any porch climber expect to get in here?"

Wanda went to the window that opened out on the fire escape. The bolts had not been disturbed. The window was securely locked. She stared thoughtfully at the heap of cushions on the divan. They were surmounted by a gold brocaded cushion she had won at a raffle at the night club. And she distinctly remembered having left that particular cushion on a chair before she had gone out at five o'clock!

Yet a cursory examination revealed nothing amiss.

"I could have sworn I left that yellow pillow on the chair when I went out," Wanda murmured, half to herself.

"Forget it!" Keller advised. "Got a drink handy? Then shake those glad rags, slip on a kimono and hear

what I've got to tell you."

While she mixed him a drink in the tiny kitchen, Wanda puzzled the changed position of the cushion on the couch. It was quite possible the janitor of the building had used his pass key to enter, searching for a leak or something similar. With that explanation she reassured herself while she chipped ice and shook the aluminum cocktail mixer.

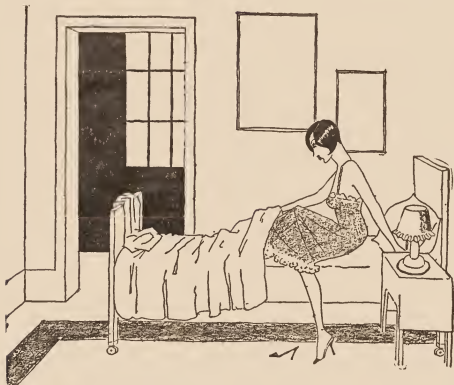
Over the cupboard Wanda had pinned a newspaper photograph of Richie Grandin. She had clipped it from the Broadway page of a paper. It showed Grandin posed beside a well known actress. Though the picture was by no means clearly distinct, Wanda was able to recognize the

charm of the man. He was tall, slender and handsome. His dark hair was powdered with gray at the temples and there was a fascinating grace to him that she had remembered pleasantly ever since the night of the party.

"Hurry up with that drink," Keller called in from the living room.

Wanda put out the kitchen light and carried the shaker in on a tray with glasses. As she set the tray down on the table the telephone rang. For a minute she was unable to recognize the voice of the man who addressed her over the wire. Then, with a tiny tremble of her pulses, he identified himself.

"This is Richie Grandin, Miss Lyman. I don't know if you remember



For a long minute Wanda stared at the object—the silver penknife she had seen Con Keller use!

me or not. I remember you and a very pleasant evening we shared not so long ago. Have you any date for next Tuesday night, after the show?"

A pulse pounded deep within Wanda. It was wonderful to think that Grandin had remembered her.

"No, I haven't."

"Then," he resumed, "I'll call for you at the Club Cactus. Say, about one o'clock. Will that be all right?"

"Just fine and dandy," Wanda assured him, murmuring her thanks.

Grandin hung up and she turned back to find Con Keller appraising her with a studied, inscrutable look.

"Who's the boy friend making dates?"

Should she tell him? She looked back at Keller doubtfully. Lately, he had assumed an air of proprietorship that took much for granted. Somehow, she wanted to keep Richie Grandin and Con Keller separate and apart from each other.

"Just an old pal," Wanda said casually. "Jealous?"

"I'm always jealous of you," he retorted. "Will you shed the doll rags and warm up? I've got information I want to unload."

"I think," Wanda drawled, "I'll stay dressed tonight. You see, I don't always trust you, Con, old dear. When you get that certain light in your eyes it's a red lantern as far as I'm concerned." She ran a hand through his carefully brushed hair. "Behave yourself! Tell me what you've got to say. You've no idea how interested I am."

"I'll wager!" Keller half growled. Some better humor returned when Wanda sat on his knees and smiled down at him. She felt it was worth smiling if he did not persist in questioning her as to the telephone call. "You slap me!" he murmured thickly, pulling her down to him and burying his face in her shining gold hair.

"Wanda! I've got a chance to break for South America!"

He explained tersely. Some friends in Buenos Aires had opened a gambling house and were cleaning up. They suggested Keller tear himself from Broadway and join them in the South American city. There were all kinds of opportunities to make important money. Wanda listened but half of her mind ran ahead to the Tuesday beyond and the date she had with Richie Grandin.

"What else?"

"If I decide to go I want you to come with me, honey. I can't leave this town without you. You're everything that's sweet temptation. You're a winner and I'm crazy for you!"

"Not crazy enough to want to marry me though," Wanda pointed out slowly.

Keller looked at her steadily.

"I will—if it's necessary! If you won't go down to Buenos Aires except as my wife, I'll marry you! There's a bargain!"

"But I can go—not as your wife?"

The glint of passion in his searching gaze. His arms about her tightened.

"I'll say you can! Maybe that would be best! Marriage is like cut Scotch. It gives you a rotten hangover. But the other way—figure it out yourself. Money, clothes, diamonds! Then, when you want to break off, you're free to step away without a thing in the world to hold you!"

"Except one thing," Wanda said. "That's the fact I couldn't be square with myself again. Probably nobody would ever believe me but this is true. I'm a Broadway night club girl but I've gone straight, Con. I've never loved foolishly. I've been on the level and my conscience never disturbs my slumber, believe it or not!"

"What's that to do with it? Some day," Keller said, "you've got to fall. They all do—sooner or later. Sup-

pose you split up with me when we're in South America and come back to Broadway? How many people will ever know what you've been to me?"

"I'd know!" Wanda replied. "Con, I'd have to love you an awful lot to make that kind of a deal! More than anybody in the world!"

"I'll make you!" he vowed huskily.

In a gusty frenzy of passion he caught her to him, kissing and caressing her. Wanda knew the proper tactics at such moments. She neither drew away nor surrendered. She waited for his emotional storm to subside and then she kissed him gently.

"Con, I'm dead! Run along like a good boy! See you tomorrow night after the show. Please—"

Fifteen minutes later Keller departed, though not without protestations. Wanda locked the hall door behind him. In the living room she frowned at the golden cushion on the couch. It seemed to mock her. She knew perfectly well where she had left the cushion late that afternoon. The

mystery followed her into the small bedroom.

Wanda turned on the lamp beside her bed. She undressed slowly. While she donned her peach colored nightie and was about to patter into the adjoining bath she saw something on the carpet across the room. For a long minute she stared at it. She picked it up and carried it to the lamp. It was a silver penknife with initials sprawled across it and as she gazed at it Wanda had the feeling she had learned the identity of the one who had entered the apartment during the early evening.

Never, since she had known Con Keller, had she allowed him in the bedroom. Yet the silver penknife was initialed C. K., and she remembered having seen him use the knife on several occasions.

Wanda straightened up, her airily poised brows drawn cryptically together.

Why had Keller entered the apartment during her absence?

(To be continued)



IN THE DRESSING ROOM

"HOW'DJA GET THE BLACK AND BLUE MARK ON YA, MAIZIE?"

"SAY—PLEASANTLY, GIRLIE, PLEASANTLY!"

ESTHER'S

Story by Franz D'Ralla



He's not only the warden, but he's a game one (No, not a GAME WARDEN, Ben-Lah, and you can't go out now—pay attention) so he just naturally gets an eye full of Esther's million dollar pedals. "Like the pedals of a flower," muses the Warden, as tons of youthful thoughts pop into his old head. "Ah—ha," ah—ha's foxy grandpa, "to think all that charm is going to waste—um, um—" (maybe it was yum, yum, he said, but anyway—) . . . let us see what we shall see. . .



And here, dear children, we find our pal Esther (everybody's pal, for that matter) and her rich bloke, IN J-A-I-L! Can you bear it, my dears? But fortunately, the cells are right next to each other, and it looks as if the fun would be thick and plenty. Since the raid in Alky Joe's Speakeasy, Esther has been trying to get her dough-boy to come across with some gold dust—give him a cleaning, in other words. Now that the guard has said "good night" there's a chance. See how the poor girl is trying to keep up his love interest. See that dainty—er—limb extending out between the iron bars? Does sugar papa see it? I'll say, and so does the dark moustached stranger coming down the corridor—the old WARDEN!

ESCAPADES!

Pictures by Virginia Maxwell

SO! Just as we thought. See that big iron thing the Warden is holding in his hand? What is it? That's a key, children—a nice big key that unlocks Esther's cell. How about her B. F.? Don't be ridie! "Tell with him," whispers the Warden to Esther. "How would you like to come to my private office and talk things over. . . ?" "I'd LOVE to," coos Esther, and it's just such speeches as this that keep our little her-o-in in a continual muddle, or tub of hot water, or whatever you want to call it. At any rate, don't miss the happenings next month. All about what goes on behind prison walls, as the convicts sleep—Hot Soup!

(To be continued)



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Lolly and Wanda, room-mates, have been rescued from a Chinese den by Tosca, a violinist, and Lolly's current sweetheart. Jack Milford, the cause of their terrifying experiences, was brought to Lolly's apartment (Jack is a former sweetheart) because she knows of a secret he holds which will make them all rich. After the escape, Wanda goes out with Harvey Stokes, a millionaire admirer, and

Lady of the By A Story

leaves the three in the apartment, Jack securely tied, and Lolly and Tosca making love. When she returns—but Wanda will go on with the story in her own words . . .



A sudden fear gripped my heart—then the terrible thing happened. He lurched at me!

Bright Lights ALLA BARD of Broadway

PART V

I SHALL never forget the sight that met my eyes when I opened the bedroom door when Harvey and I returned. It was quite late—at least

five in the morning—or early, according to your custom of measuring time, and there was a gray light in the skies. I knocked several times, but received no answer, but that wasn't unusual. If it hadn't have been that Jack Milford was in there with them, I'd

never have given it a second thought—but something told me that all was not well behind those folding doors—doors that could have said plenty if they had been equipped for dialogue. Suddenly I heard a faint whimper, like a child



—then Lolly's voice whispering "Wanda . . . Wanda."

I motioned for Harvey to come nearer.

"Something's funny in there, Harv," I said, excitedly. "You'll have to open the door; I haven't the strength."

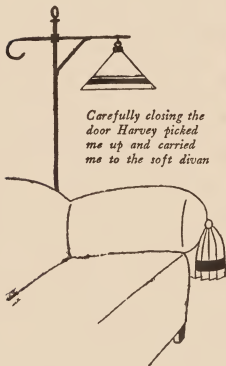
Although good old Harv had been plenty in his cups that night, he straightened up like a soldier, and began

I pulled away and rushed to Lolly's side.

"For God's sake, what happened?" I asked, horrified.

She tried to speak, but only mumbled something that I couldn't understand.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, trying to loosen the rope around her wrists. Like a flash it occurred to me that Jack Milford wasn't in the room! Why, the



Carefully closing the door Harvey picked me up and carried me to the soft divan



to force open the door.

When I looked into the room, I screamed and nearly collapsed. There, stretched out on the floor, hands tied, was Lolly. There was a thick odor through the room—like opium. Instantly, Harv switched on the top lights. Tosca was huddled in the corner, near the fire place, apparently unconscious.

"Look, he's bleeding!" exclaimed Harvey, drawing me over by the arm.

very rope I had given Tosca to tie him with was the one that was now around Lolly's wrists!

"Lolly, speak to me—tell me what has happened—where is Jack?"

I rushed over to the bureau and found a pair of nail scissors, and finally succeeded in hacking loose the rope. Picking her up by the shoulders, I managed to carry her into the other room. I poured out a glass of whiskey and

forced it down her dry lips. It seemed to revive her; finally she spoke in a faint, hoarse whisper.

"They came—Jack's gang . . . he's gone."

"Jack's gang?" I asked, completely puzzled.

"Yes," she continued weakly, "about six big brutes in the window . . . they made me take something—I don't know what—and carried Jack away with them."

Just then Harvey came in the room.

"Is she all right?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes . . . how about Tosca?"

"He's been badly hurt," replied Harvey. "They must have hit him hard with something—but he'll be all right in a few minutes. Where is that whiskey?"

I handed him the bottle, and he started for the bedroom. On the way he tilted it to his lips and took a long drink.

"Who's sick—you or Tosca?" I asked, not meaning to make light of the situation—but fortunately it caused Lolly to laugh, and from then on she seemed to be more like herself.

"We certainly got ourselves in a nice little mess," she said, lifting her head and trying to smile.

"What in hell is it all about?" I asked, lighting a cigaret.

"Give me another drink, and maybe I can tell you."

Rather than disturb Harvey's effort to revive Tosca, I went into the kitchen and got a fresh quart.

After Lolly had destroyed a couple of drinks that would make a bar fly twirl on his heels, she seemed to find her voice—and strength—and told me the whole story.

"It all happened about an hour after you had gone," she began. "Tosca and I were asleep, I guess, and Jack hadn't as much as winked an eye, so we had

paid no attention to him. Suddenly, there was a soft knock on the window. It awakened me at once. I turned to Tosca and pinched his arm. Then the window opened slowly, and I saw a big hand sticking through it. In an instant, a figure appeared through the window, followed by others—there must have been six men in all. The first man carried a gun. 'Don't move or I'll make you into a porous plaster' he said, gruffly. Of course Tosca and I knew he meant business, and kept still. He directed the other men to untie Jack, and then Tosca made a false move, and the big fellow clipped him over the head with his gun. That finished Tosca, and he fell in a heap—leaving me to face the music alone. 'What in hell is your little game, sister?' asked the ring leader. 'Oh, I know,' he continued without waiting for me to reply, 'you thought you'd walk off with that trunk of ice, didn't you? Well, if anyone is going to have that little treasure, Miss—it'll be Jack and his gang—see?'—and with that he produced a small box and tossed it over to the other men. 'Here, give Jack a sniff of this,' he said, 'maybe he'll feel better.' Then I started to talk. 'I don't want your damned ice,' I said, seeming to get all brave and everything, 'only I wish you'd get the hell out of here—' That's where I made my mistake, mistake number 9876543, Wanda, because then the leader made me take some of the stuff he'd given Jack—and that's all I remember. You saw the rest when you came in—I guess we'd been draped around there for a few hours."

Lolly reached out and opened a fresh package of cigarets and lit one nervously.

"But I was in hopes we could get the ice—"

"Lolly," I said, thoroughly perplexed, "I may be dumb, but I don't

know, what you're talking about — what do you mean . . . *isaf?*"

"Why, I guess I didn't have a chance to tell you, Lolly," she replied. "While we were down in Ming Tong's I overheard the whole thing. Jack brought a trunk from the West that had a million dollars worth of diamonds in it. That's what I heard—but it might just be a fancy name for dope, for all I know—anyway it was worth a lot

of dough—and it was over at Jack's hotel—the Metropolitan. You see, I wanted to bring Jack here until he came-to, and then find out about it—tell him I'd turn him over to the police if he didn't come through. Honestly, Lolly, after all the grief that good-for-nothing bum has caused me, the least I could get out of it is a million dollars worth of *something*—I wouldn't care if it were a million dollars worth of trained fleas—!"

I was too dumbfounded to speak. A million dollars!

Just then Harvey called to us. When we got in the bedroom he had Tosca on the bed, sitting up. He was conscious, and smiled at us.

When Lolly saw her sweet daddy all well and natural, she let out a whoop that could have been heard ten blocks.

"Is my itty bitty baby boykins alright now?" she chirped, rushing over to his side, and caressing his forehead.

"I guess I'll live," said Tosca, displaying unusual good humor, especially for a situation like that. Lolly cuddled up beside him and kissed his eyes and neck. Suddenly he threw his arms about her and drew her to him



It must have fallen out of Jack's pocket when he was on the bed!

like a Sultan would his "number one wife."

"Ooooooh!"

"Harvey," I said with a grin, "now that the smoke has cleared away, let's give the fire a chance . . . eh?"

So again we pulled our familiar stunt of leaving them alone—but it seems that everytime Harvey and I see Lolly and Tosca getting all that way, it sort of affects us similarly . . . so there was nothing to do but take our own little place on the old family davenport; the scene of a hundred love-feasts!

Carefully closing the door, Harvey picked me up and carried me to the soft divan, and began kissing me passionately. Harv may be old in years, but he's young in ideas, if you know what I mean—and every kiss is good for a new dress. Maybe I'll get a house and lot someday, who can tell?

"Wanda, my darling," he cooed, "I can't tell you how you affect me—everytime we're alone I just want to crush you to me—and dream away my troubles . . ."

Instead of answering him, I let loose one of my best brand of "ambition agitators"—so called because

they never fail to do more than an ordinary kiss is supposed to do—and the next thing I knew it was time for breakfast.

As usual I got breakfast for the mob—Tosca and Lolly ate like winning race horses, and Harv is no slouch when it comes to packing away the ham and.

"Tosca and I are going out for a little air—maybe ride in a cab through Central Park—," said Lolly.

"My God—*more* necking!" I exclaimed.

"No, this is strictly for the health," replied Lolly, laughing.

"And I think I'd better go home myself," chimed in Harvey. "I haven't read my mail for weeks."

"Well, it's perfectly oke by me," I said. "I haven't had enough rest to put in a flapper's bloomers—and in case you don't know, that's damn small parking space."

So it was that I found myself stretched out on the bed—alone and glad of it—as the morning sun was streaming in every other window but mine—I had pulled down all the shades, and as is an old custom of mine, was reclining in the nude, as the artists say.

I was just about to roll over and fall into the harmless arms of old man Morpheus, when my bare arm struck something soft—I grabbed for it, and found it to be an old fashioned pocket-book, like we used to carry when we were kids. Although I knew that curiosity (or back fence-itus) killed the cat, I hastily opened it. It was empty, save for a queer shaped brass key—and a piece of card board. I snapped on the bedlight and looked at the piece of pasteboard. Instantly I recognized it as a trunk check. My brain seemed to whirl—My God! It said "Metropolitan Hotel No. 3674, One Trunk." Why, of course—it was the check to

Jack's trunk—and the key! It must have fallen out of his pocket while he was on the bed—.

Just as I was figuring out what I would do, there was a soft knock on the door.

"It's Lolly and Tosca," I thought—"Thank God!"

Hastily I slipped into a silk negligee and rushed to the door. I don't know what made me so dumb as to open it without asking who was there—but it never occurred to me that it could be anybody else. As I opened the door a man pushed me aside—I recognized him from a picture I'd seen in the papers not long before—"One Gun Joe"—Like a flash I raced for the bedroom, closed the door and locking it, jumping in bed and pulling the covers up over my head, woman-like. I stuffed the key and trunk check back into the purse and hid it under the pillow.

It all happened so quickly that I hardly can tell what transpired. Anyway, the first thing I knew, I realized that the man was hurling his weight against the door—and in an instant it yielded—and he was standing over me!

I've never before seen such a wild looking gorilla! His breath came fast as he stood looking over me, smiling crazily.

"Uh, huh, kid—I surprised you a little, didn't I?"

"You certainly did!" I replied, trying to keep cool. "Please tell me what you want and please get out of here—"

"Oh, you needn't worry, kid," he said laughing, "I'm not going to hurt you—I don't want YOU—but I *do* want something we overlooked last night in our little party . . ."

"Were you here—last night?" I asked quietly.

"Didn't your girl friend tell you?" he replied—"Come on, sister, don't try to pull any of that innocent stuff on me

—I'm too long in this racket to let any dame bulldoze me—come clean—where's that pocket-book?"

"Pocket-book?" I asked, pretending to be completely perplexed.

"Yea . . . pocket-book—the one with the key and the trunk check in it—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I lied. "If you came here for money, you've struck the wrong place—I'm as broke as a last year's electric light bulb."

"I don't want any money—I want that trunk key and check—come on—where is it—have I got to get rough?"

"Really I don't know what you're talking about," I repeated. "There isn't any pocket-book, or trunk check, or key around here that I know anything about."

I must have convinced him that I was telling the truth, because suddenly his manner changed. Noticing a bottle of gin on the night table, he looked at me and winked.

"Well maybe I've missed—care if I have a little drink?"

As little as I cared to entertain "One Gun Joe," I knew full well that I must handle him with gloves on. But, thank God, I knew who he was, and also had the key and check securely hid under the pillow—that is, out of sight—I had an idea if I could divert his attention a little, I might do a better job of hiding.

"Help yourself, the gingerale and ice

are in the kitchen." I said, trying to be as sweet as possible.

"I guess you're regular," he said—"I'll mix a drink and then beat it—" As he went into the kitchen, I hid the pocket-book between the mattress and springs, and lit a cigaret to regain my composure.

In a jiffy, "One Gun Joe" was back with a bottle of gingerale and a bowl of cracked ice.

"Have one, babe?" he asked grinning.

"Anything to be sociable," I replied, figuring that he'd soon go, and then—

However, for once in my life I figured dead wrong. After he had taken one drink, he poured himself another—then a third—then he seemed to change. I noticed he didn't call me "sister" any more—but "baby" and "sweetheart"—a sudden fear gripped my heart—what if—?

Then the terrible thing happened—he lurched at me and put his strong arms about me, kissing me on the lips—the phone rang—it seemed to fill him with a blinding rage. Dashing for the instrument, he tore the wires out by brute force, leaving them to dangle helplessly—disconnecting the outside world—leaving me at his mercy.

It seemed as if a million strange things happened in the next few minutes—events that shaped the destiny of many persons—a series of startling, terrible dreams—nightmares.

To be Continued

Don't miss a single installment of LADY OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, the thrilling, chilling, super-love making story of "inside Broadway."





"Do you talk in your sleep?" asked the old actor.

"No," returned the new leading man, "my wife says I'm perfectly exasperating—I only smile!"



The Regular Rounder says men are getting more domestic every day; find the man who isn't fond of babies today—providing they were born twenty years ago!

"GRANDAD, WHAT'S LOVE?"

"HEAVENS, JEAN!"



THE MONTH'S TRUE STORY

Oscar: "What becomes of all the promising girls?"

Oliver: "They all operate on Broadway!"



ON THE AISLE

"That new blonde, second on the left, looks good to me."

"Don't be discouraged—appearances are deceitful!"



Detroit, Mich.,
June 3rd, 1929.

DEAR BILLYE:

Here I am with the show in Detroit. You'd be surprised at how many people get married in flivvers. Maybe that's why the children are nuts.

This letter is going to sound like a patch quilt. I have so many scraps of news to tell you.

Here's a funny one that happened during a performance, while we were doing the postage stamp number. The costumes we wear in that number look like postage stamps and are not much bigger.

Right in the front row of the orchestra sat one of those janes who wear mannish clothes and tortoise shell glasses. And right beside her was a meek little thing with a size 13½ collar that answered to the name of husband.

"What shocking costumes!" the woman clucked with her tongue.

"I've a mind to go up on the stage and tear them right off."

"Go ahead, dear," said little hen-

Babe of Broad's Way

*In Detroit not all the nuts are
in the flivvers!*

pecked. "Don't let me change your mind."

Talking about married life, let me tell you about Bill, the comedian of the show. Bill is married to Flossie, one of the girls. Flossie does an oriental dance in the show that makes the men rise in their seats.

"It's terrible," Bill said to me. "I think I made a mistake in getting married to Flossie. She comes home drunk every night and I'm ashamed before the people in the hotel."

"Well," I said to Bill, "why don't you bawl her out?"

"I can't," he answered. "I always come home drunk with her."

Listen, Billye, I got even with



Clarice, the prima-donna, a couple of days ago. I don't remember whether I

told you about her.

She's always putting on the ritz and wearing the tall millinery. She acts as if she'd get the hives if she ever talked to a chorus girl.

She's married to the leader of the orchestra, Carlos, another one of those indigestible pills.

Well, I heard Carlos telling a friend of his that he caught Clarice kissing the tenor of the show.

"I ask you, my friend," Carlos said, "what should I have done under the circumstances?"

Before the friend had a chance to answer, I slipped over a wisecrack. "I'll tell you, Carlos," I said. "You should have given him some bicarbonate of soda."

Believe me, it knocked him for a row of ash cans. And when she hears it she'll burn up.

The electrician happened to hear it and when I passed him he said, "You're a pretty smart kid.

I'd like to meet you after the show."

"Yes," I said sarcastically, "and where would you like to meet me?"

"Between the nose and the chin," he answered.

Not so dumb for an electrician, what?

Say, Billye, this ought to give you a laugh.

You know the little soubrette, Irene, whose mother is travelling with her and watching out for her costumes and morals. Well, the kid has been putting it across her mother lately. The old lady is a tight sleeper and the kid has been sneaking out on parties.

The old lady got wise somehow and when the kid had a date for a party, she grabbed her hat and coat too.

"O, please, mother," the kid said. "Let me go alone."

"Nothing doing," the mother answered. "I insist upon going with you to the party."

"Alright," the kid said in desperation. "But I warn you, Mother, if you don't pet, you'll have a rotten time."



By the way, all the nuts in Detroit are not in the automobiles.

A lot of them are

running around loose in the street.

I happened to pass a church and saw a big mob in front. Being curious, I walked up to a man and asked him what was happening.

"I don't know yet, Miss," he said, "but if you'll stay here a couple of minutes I'll be able to tell you. If they walk out, it's a wedding, but if they carries them out, it's a funeral."

I'm too much of a lady to strike a gentleman, so I walked away.

As I stood on the corner waiting for the traffic to go by, two stenographers came up. And let me say right here, that the people ought to stop the chatter about the chorus girls and do a little talking about the stenographers.

This happened right after lunch.

"Bye, bye, Mabel," said the blonde stenographer. "I must be getting back

to work. My boss is waiting for me."

And the other stenographer said, "Have a nice time, dear."

I went back to my hotel, since we weren't playing a matinee that day. And right on my floor I saw the greatest actor in the world. The way that boy handled a situation was marvellous.

Here's what happened. I got off the elevator behind a middle-aged man. He walked down the corridor first and I was behind him.

When he opened the door of his room, he stopped in surprise. And as I reached it, I looked in.

On the lounge sat a very pretty girl. Right beside her was a good looking sheik. They must have been kissing each other.

The middle-aged man clenched his fists and walked into the room.

"Young man," he said in a loud voice, "I'll teach you to make love to my wife."

The young fellow jumped up from the lounge.

"Really?" he said. "When should I come around for a lesson?"

The middle-aged man was so amazed at the answer, he forgot what he intended to do. The young fellow grabbed his hat and coat and left.

Nothing slow about these Detroit sheiks, I'll tell the universe.

We've got another joke in our act, Billye. The comedian says to me, "Every time I'm with that girl, she brings color to my cheeks."

"Does she tell shady stories?" I ask.

"No," he answers. "She slaps my face."

Well, so long Billye. I'm working on a new song now entitled, "Even though she worked in a Turkish bath, she was not so hot."

Hitting on all six,

BABE



*The Regular Rounder
says this bare legged
fad is alright—as far
as it goes.*

And How!

By Richard Russell

You tremble in my close embrace;
My hand along your bodice slips,
My kisses rain upon your face,
Your throat, your lips.

Your hand repays my tenderness
And softly slips across my cheek,
Intensifying each caress.
There is no word for us to speak,

Nor any need of any word,
Who, mouth to mouth and knee to knee
By ardor passionately stirred,
Drain the sweet draught of ecstasy.



*Some
Con-
fessions
By
Mary
Merry*



The party was like a lot of others I had walked out on—bathing suits on hand, advance payments of personal interest—

“Must a Chorine Have a Past?”

MY FIRST season in the chorus was finished when the company arrived at the Pennsylvania Railroad station around noon Sunday after an all-night ride from our last “stand” in the middle west.

To me it was strange and interesting to see the difference in the attitude of the members of the company towards each other after the notice was posted on the call board that the company would close in two weeks.

In New York when we started and on the road for a whole season there was an air of detachment among the personnel. Each one seemed to be by and for himself or herself only. Most of the dressing room and stage friendships and associations ceased at the stage door—they ended with departure from the theatre. The exceptions were the few girls who doubled up in hotel rooms to save expenses. In this matter there was a revelation as our tour pro-

Second confession—and how! No matter how minus a little girl may be in the matter of a perfectly good Past, on Broadway they're quick workers. See next month!

gressed. Many of the girls who started out double separated from roommates after a time. The separationists were girls who liked to add to their income by coaxing gifts from old or casual new friends in the various towns. They found it more convenient to room alone.

Probably it is easier to wheedle both old or young chaps out of presents in the privacy of a duet, whereas a third party and the third party's friends might upset plans. Another thing that broke up the rooming partnerships was

the habits of some of the sweethearts of girls in the show of visiting the show upon occasions. Rarely was the spirit of partnership restored after a girl had been chased into loneliness for a visiting friend.

Still a few of the girls imbued with a romantic loyalty for beaux back home or in New York clung to partnership domesticity right up to the sharing of their berths on the homeward trip. With the announcement of our closing girls and men in the company who had rushed by me in the dressing room cor-

ridors with merely a reluctant hello all season now stopped and talked about things. They wanted to know if I had any plans, if I knew of anything being put on, what I had heard about the conditions in New York, and just what was I going to do.

It was a sort of a mystery to me that season when it happened, but as I look backward upon this sudden interest in everybody by everybody else I think I can find the reason. Each one gets a trifle panicky about finding a new engagement—especially if they have not saved much money during the season. Then, too, there is an increased comradeship in the sudden and simultaneous realization that we are all on an equal footing, after all.

Goodbyes were all said on the train. I have since found out this is a common custom in disbanding troupes. Up and down the aisle went everybody at one time or another; a few of the folks kissed farewell, there was much holding of hands, ringing declarations of lasting friendship, patting of the shoulders and little hugs and even more promises of seeing each other again and never forgetting. In the lofty concourse of the station everybody went scurrying with just a few noticing one another when they actually bumped on the pavement. Some sought the subway, others the street, and most took taxicabs. The stars and some of the girls with successful men friends found private cars waiting for them.

To me, without a particular man-friend in the city, my family way out in the middle west, and no idea of when or where my next engagement was to come from, there came over me an overpowering sense of smallness in such a big world—and a loneliness I had not anticipated in the hectic exchange of goodbyes on the train.

My emotions must have shown in my face for the young man chum of

the sweetheart of a dancer, who had accompanied his pal to the station to witness the arrival of the company, stepped up and said I looked as though I needed a friend. He admitted he was in the way with his chum and the girl, and had his own car outside and was glad to help, adding in sophisticated good humor that the offer was made without any intention of trying to flirt with me.

Loneliness is surely the greatest aid the boys have in attaining their associations. I was happy to accept the offer. He drove me to the house where I had written ahead for my old room. My first roommate was to arrive the following week when her show closed. He introduced me to an old idea, but so long in the discard as to be almost forgotten—gallantry. He helped me out of the car, handed in my bags and then said he would wait and read the Sunday newspaper in the car until I got settled and could come down to the sidewalk and let him know how things were. It was such a new experience not to have an acquaintance try to crash into my room right off and participate in the settling procedure that I sort of felt drawn to the man.

Then I figured out maybe he was just cute enough to know that a girl is flattered by real gallantry and that was his line. The girls all said that while most of the boys had the same line a few of the clever ones varied it so that they made faster work in attaining their ends. We new girls were always warned to be especially careful of the slick ones with a clever line of work.

And so the poor boy found me sort of on guard, suspicious and not fully appreciative of his old-fashioned ideas. For afterwards I found out that he was just sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that his mother and sisters were not the only virtuous women in the

world and conducted himself accordingly. But still the innocent suffer with the just in this world of make believe into which I had plunged to earn a living—Fame and Fortune had been my first aim, but after a peep inside the four walls of the stake I figured only on a living in the profession. It was no hearsay with me. I knew the ways girls found themselves at the top, as a rule, and then I felt I never could travel the customary path to fame. Still who could tell. I had seen managers who would not have been all distasteful to me. Even then I said to myself if one of these chaps puts any feeling or emotion, and avoids a cold-

blooded business proposition, into displaying interest in me I wouldn't be surprised to find myself at least featured in a show some day.

The interest of this new man in me on first sight perked me up to renewed confidence in my personal charm. He must have had lots of places to go and lots of things to do, and still he was waiting patiently and quite conventionally down in the street for my return. Quickly I slipped into a fresh dress, threw my traveling suit over a chair and went down to him. He suggested we take a ride in the country and have supper at a road house. I quite frankly told him not to invest his time and

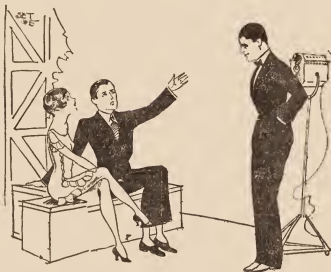


gasoline if he hoped for more than just company—for I was not that kind of a girl. His assurance that my company was the only object of the ride and supper proved quite true. This new attitude proved the assertions of the other girls that these careful, polite workers made the fastest progress because the first thing I knew I felt so secure with the man that I sort of nestled down against him in the seat as he conscientiously kept his mind on the business of driving. It was a pleasant afternoon and evening, ending with a short visit to his chum and the girl, who were having a late supper in her suite at a hotel.

Monday I started all over again to make the rounds of the offices and this time I knew enough to stop at the offices of Equity where calls are sent for girls for new shows. My first experience was disconcerting. The producer liked my looks, but when he heard I had been a season and a half with another show he said he wanted new girls. Before I was not wanted because I was new in the business.

One discovery, however, was important. My attitude was indication enough that I was experienced and none of the many assistants about the theatres tried to get fresh with me as they had when I was green to the manners and customs of back stage. Where they recalled me it was more of an inclusive attitude than casualness.

I was just about "picked" in another chorus when the director discovered that I had played a small role in my first show. I could hear him tell the producer that I never would be content and happy as just a chorus girl and would be on the lookout for another part. He said he did not have time to be training new girls and wanted to keep the chorus set after he got it drilled. I could not admit overhearing the conversation and gracefully gathered up my little bag of practice clothes when they delivered a negative verdict.



I was sitting about the semi-dark theatre when the producer brought the casting director to meet me

Along about the second week of my idleness I walked in upon the finish of an audition. The producer and director had departed and there were a few girls still hanging around. The stage manager of the new show was checking up the girls' addresses. He remembered me from previous applications. He left the address book with an assistant and asked me to go with him in a little private office—a makeover dressing room. He said there was a

part, a small part, in the new show. The six girls for these six small parts had been selected tentatively. *But*—I appealed to him very strongly, he was in right with the producer and he felt sure he could fix it for me to get one of these little parts. Would I show any appreciation to him personally if he arranged it? The stage manager was holding my hand and patting my knee all the time he was talking. Once he stroked my thigh and remarked on its smoothness.

I had sense enough not to show my resentment and told him a girl would always be grateful for a good job. He told me to return in a week.

The next day I was picked for the chorus of a new show. I accepted this as I was glad to avoid the attentions of the stage manager who had promised me the other engagement. It was out of the frying pan into the fire.

We girls were all sitting about the semi-dark theatre the day rehearsals were to begin, when the producer came and sat down beside me. He said I was pretty and introduced a sort of chief assistant casting director to me. This man confided to me that the show was being backed by a little group of men who had made fortunes in Florida real estate. They were going to have a party that night—would I go? It was a compulsory date, on the face of it.

The party was like a lot of others I had walked out on and like dozens I had heard about. It was held in the big luxurious apartment of one of the men, whose wife was still inhabiting some of his Florida property. The men were not rough, but they were quite insistent. They wanted some advance payments of personal interest on their large investment in the show. They had bathing suits—new ones for the occasion—on hand, and wanted to see how we girls looked in them. There were a lot of other subterfuges for famili-

arity and when one of the men purposely let a wandering hand slip through a crevice of my evening gown I quietly made my exit from the party.

Two days later I was told that I was not tall enough for the show girl contingent and that the dancing group had ten more girls in it than would open with the show—ten of them could look forward to a week of free rehearsal and then disappointment. As I left the theatre the producer's auditor expressed surprise to see such a pretty girl as myself "given the air" while a lot of "crumbs," as he expressed it, were retained. I thanked him for his sympathy. He shook hands and asked my address. He said he would drop me a line if he heard of any new shows requiring girls.

Back to the fresh Stage Manager I went, and he was evidently glad to see me. My return gave him assurance that I was becoming pliable in his hands. It is an easy matter to make these men believe you are interested in them. They are just egotistical enough to feel that they *inspire* interest. He took me around the corner to the producer's office. He must have pleaded my cause well, for I was ushered into the producer and verbally engaged for a minor role as well as for the chorus.

The Stage Manager wanted to collect promptly and it required all my ingenuity to keep him from visiting my room. He insisted upon a few little harmless kisses in the seclusion of stage nooks, but I was able to avoid intimate contact until I had signed a contract. I could see that the show was going to be a success—it was evident from the start. I went to the producer. I frankly asked him if I was given the contract on merit or for friendship. He assured me that I fitted the ensemble perfectly, that I could feel sure of the engagement and that if any one in the organization became objectionable to come to

him personally. I had the common sense not to mention any names.

With this assurance I knew I could take care of myself without going to the producer. All I had needed was confirmation of my fitness for the show. After that I began to let the Stage Manager down gradually with good-natured railery. I cajoled him out of requested "dates," and teased him

about bothering with me when there were so many prettier girls just pining for him. He had enough to occupy his attention so that he did not become offended at my disappointing him. He gave me credit for getting the best of him in our little conflict of wits—and we became quite good friends.

About the man friend who was so nice? That's another story.



**"WHAT'LL I DO TO GET MORE EXERCISE?"
"TRY STAYING HOME WITH YOUR BOY FRIEND
EVENINGS!"**

The Regular Rounder says the girls know so little about housekeeping these days that they think lettuce is a proposal.



Movie Star: "See you've got a new car—pick-up good?"

Second ditto: "Don't know yet—had my wife out every time."

Him: "Poetry and grace and fire—these are your figure—"

Her: "Must you go all over that again?"



The Regular Rounder says there's more than one kind of flat tire but both call a halt.

"How do you know he's immune?"

"Say, dearie, didn't he keep his mind on the cards playing strip poker?"



"WISHT I WAS DEAD!"

"MARRIED OR JILTED?"

First Frail: "I'm hard pressed for money."

Next Frail: "Most of us girls are hard pressed—for money."

On The Up-and-Up



By Kelly Abbott

JOHNNY DUNN met Pearl in the lobby of the Hotel Grant, midway up the Bromide Belt, between the Square and the Circle. She breezed in, lovely, smart despite last year's doll rags, and Johnny, glimpsing her down the lobby, knew the same old tingle of admiration.

He hurried to greet her, not a little excited over the information he had to impart, steering her into the Grant's ornate writing room where a couple of merry magdalens—as Flash Avenue calls chorus girls—were trying to write a letter to someone.

"Am I late, Johnny? Any news? I've been hitting all the bookers but without any luck," Pearl said in one breath.

Dunn drew her to a corner settee. He feasted his eyes on her. Pearl was certainly about as smooth and wonderful as they came. In her filmy, summer crepe dress, each opulent curve and contour was accented and enhanced. The swell of her full bosom, the flatness of her hips and her rounded, en-

trancing legs all in thinnest silk. She had coppery hair and curious purple eyes. The appeal of her sex and charm were very apparent.

"I've got plenty of dope—a load of news, Pearlie. It's no fakeloo either. Baby, we've got a break at last. How would you like to spring our dancing act on the machine gun addicts out in Chi's Loop—Charlie Benson's famous Grecian Gardens, to be exact?"

Pearl's eyes brightened.

"On the level, Johnny?"

"Positively! I got the steer an hour ago. The job is ours if we can swing it. One grand per and a contract through the fall and winter. How does that sound?"

The light in Pearl's eyes faded. All at once she remembered their wardrobe was in hock, just as everything else was. Since their small time vaudeville bookings had been cancelled they had had a tough time of it. But a thousand dollars a week! The Grecian Gardens in Chicago! A long term contract!

"Johnny! How can we knock it off?"

His arm slipped around her soft, yielding waist. The two chorines excited with their letters. Dunn laid his lips against the shining coppery hair.

"We need plenty of dough. First, we'll have to ransom the wardrobe. Then we need fare for the rattler and we'll have to buy some new duds, honey. We've got to throw a front with Charlie Benson. If he thinks we're a couple of heels he'll give us the foot! Pearl, I've got an idea where we can get the scratch—the dough. How much do you love me? Enough to work a racket for us?"

She lifted her gaze. It was soft, eloquent.

"You know that, Johnny. What do you want me to do?"

Dunn drew a hard, quick breath.

"It's not very nice but it's our only hope. Who's that lob that's been giving you the heavy play these last two weeks? The guy with the catsup complexion and the well filled pocket-book?"

"Arthur Landt. Surely—"

"Listen. You do what I tell you," Dunn interrupted tersely, "and this big ticker-and-tape worm will be sending us out to the Grecian Gardens! Why not? He's got plenty of kale, he likes you and we need it! Game to take a chance?"

Pearl narrowed her eyes. Arthur Landt, a Wall Street broker, had been trying to make her for a fortnight. The man was always well supplied with money, was amorous in a blunt, forceful way but she had an idea he was no fool. It wouldn't be any cinch to take him.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Johnny Dunn leaned closer.

"I haven't figured it all out. You get Landt up in your room at the hotel

tonight at twelve o'clock and I'll handle him. He don't know me and that's a break. There's a half dozen ways to make this click. The old badger racket or the new moult. Just trust your big boy and don't worry. I'll pull it!"

Arthur Landt, as it happened, was dining in the grill of the Hotel Grant when Pearl wandered in toward eight o'clock that night. He was a florid, stout man, immaculate and perfectly groomed, Pearl knew his type well. He was one who gratified his desires and appetite regardless of consequences. Broadway called his ilk "snappers."

She pretended not to see him, knowing a tingle of satisfaction when he stood and blocked her way.



"Why, Pearl, Miss Dunn! This is a pleasure. Dining here? Join me by all means."

"You're sure you want me?"

His small, deep-set eyes roamed over her. He licked his lips.

"I'm sure that I do. Set another place, waiter. The lady is joining me."

When the meal was completed Landt considered her meditatively.

"Going to run away now? It just happens I have a couple of first row

seats for that cuticle opera at the New Amsterdam. Like to go?"

All during the glittering Ziegfeldian performance, Pearl thought of Johnny and worried. She knew him well. Dunn, like most hoofers, was optimistic to a fault. Before they had parted that afternoon he had mentioned a vague something about trailing them and being ready to crash in the hotel room at the proper minute. But she hadn't seen him since leaving the Grant and there was scant chance of Johnny being anywhere in the theatre.

Presently the final curtain dropped on a ravishing ensemble of shapely limbs and powdered skin. With Landt beside her Pearl found herself back on Broadway. The lane of pleasure was alive with color and vibrant movement. In the after-theatre crush she sought a glimpse of Johnny but saw no sign of of him. What was he doing? Would he make good? Before morning would they be sure of the Chicago dancing engagement?

Arthur Landt's hand was warm and caressing on her arm.

"How about a night club, Pearl?"

It was after eleven o'clock then. She shook her head a little.

"I'm awfully tired. It's sweet of you to suggest it but I think I'll go back to my room."

"I've hardly seen you," he protested.

"Well, I suppose I could sit in the lobby and talk to you awhile."

"Look here," he said heavily, "you know perfectly well how much of a yen I have for you. You're everything I like best. Beautiful face and figure, refinement and intelligence and you're young. You're not one of the Broadway war horses. You're sweet and lovable and it's about time you paid a little attention to me. Do you realize you've never kissed me?"

His flattery awoke no response in Pearl. She caught the passion in his

glance and considered. It was always best to strike while the iron was hot. Yet, she needed all of her ability as an actress to pretend liking.

"I hardly know you," she murmured.

"Girls who are sensible," Landt declared, "don't have to worry. I always see to it that they have some token of my appreciation. A ring or a bracelet or a new dress or something like that. You understand. Well, how about me going up to your room and having a few drinks with you?"

"I shouldn't let you."

"You shouldn't but—you will!"

She gave him a heavy-lidded, inviting look.

"Yes, I guess I will. Not because of a ring or a new dress but because I like you, Arthur. You're different from the Broadway men I've met."

His smothered exclamation struck against her sharply. The untruth filled her with self-loathing. She sent a frantic little glance in among the crowd but still there was no sign of Johnny Dunn—neither then nor when she reached the side street hotel.

The clock in the lobby marked the hour as being twenty minutes to twelve. Pearl searched the lobby when they went in. She was sure Johnny would be there to reassure her by his presence. Only a faded woman and a bibulous actor with blue jowls were in evidence. Landt followed her out of the elevator and into her small, tenth floor room.

"Send down for some ginger ale. I've got my flask with me."

While Pearl used the house telephone he made himself comfortable with a cigarette. She saw his gaze raking the room wandering from the bed to the brassiere and pink panties she had thrown over its footboard, to the tiny bath adjoining and then back to her. He seemed to be studying her legs and the glint was in his small eyes when the

ginger ale came up and he mixed drinks.

Pearl looked at her watch desperately. It was almost midnight. Where was Johnny? What was he up to? She shivered a little but forced a smile when Landt suddenly took her in his arms.

"You beautiful, beautiful thing!"

His hands pawed her caressingly. His hot breath touched the tiny bronze ringlets at the nape of her smooth neck. His voice was husky, unsteady, taut with passion. While he kissed her Pearl's mind swarmed with confusion.

Chicago—the Grecian Gardens on the Loop—Johnny—what he had told her earlier that day!

She tried to feign interest and passion of her own. It was hard with Landt's florid face and glinting gaze before her. She tried to think of something to stall him off, to keep him there longer—long enough for Johnny to come breaking in upon them, cool, deadly, ominous.

"I think I—I'll change," she murmured throatily. "You're ruining this dress. It's the only one I have—"

Out of his arms, Pearl snatched up her negligee and the green silk nightie she was so proud of. Johnny had given her that on her birthday. She ran into the bathroom, turned the key in the lock and pulled on the light. *Where was Johnny?* To surrender to Landt was unthinkable. And yet she must detain him, cajole him into staying, fence with him without giving ground and hold him there.

Pearl slipped out of the dress. She hung it on the door hook together with her peach colored silk slip. Her lace



panties and brassiere followed. She kept her stockings and slippers on, donning the nightrobe and cloaking it with the negligee. Then she sat on the edge of the tub and wondered how long she could remain there without arousing Landt's impatience.

Presently the knob rattled.

"Pearl! What in the world—"
"Coming!"

She opened the door slowly, shrinking inwardly at his hoarse cry. He picked her up and carried her to a chair, burying his red face in the perfumed mist of her hair. He said broken, incoherent things that frightened her. And the watch on her wrist, Pearl observed, now informed her it was almost half past twelve!

With a dull, sinking heart she let her last expectation escape. Johnny had flopped! There was no use of thinking about the Grecian Gardens now. Johnny had failed her at the crucial moment and she could do nothing to outwit Landt's flaming desire!

"Pearl! Tell me you love me—"

She opened her eyes and at the same

minute a knock on the door made her heart flutter wildly. Landt swore softly under his breath. When the knock was repeated he stood, crossed and opened the door. Pearl bent eagerly forward.

Instead of Johnny, a short, dark man whose mouth was decorated with half an unlighted cigar, stepped in. He wore a derby hat and his expression was inscrutable.

"What do you want?" Arthur Landt demanded.

Pearl saw the caller draw back his jacket lapel. She caught a glimpse of the badge on his waistcoat and her heart skipped a beat.

"I'm Hope from Headquarters The D. A. sent me to serve a warrant on you, Landt. Crooked bucketshop stuff. You'd better get your skimmer on and take a little walk with me. I've been tailing you since seven o'clock and I want to get home to bed. Make it a little fast."

A minute later the bedroom door closed behind them. Pearl sank limply back in the chair. She wanted to laugh hysterically. Johnny and his schemes! Landt and his passion! Chicago, her disappearing dream city!

After a long time she roused herself. There was a tapping on the door. She went across, opened it and admitted Johnny Dunn.

"'Lo, sweetie. Think I was stalled somewhere with engine trouble? Baby, what a break—"

He went to the room's center table, dug something out of his pocket and Pearl saw the thick roll of bills he dropped carelessly on top of a magazine. There were yellowbacks, bills of large denomination, and her wondering cry was unsteady, tremulous.

"Johnny! *How*—"

"I told you I'd make that Landt party shed! I did." He gestured at the table. "That's our percentage after Eddie Morris got his cut."

"Eddie Morris?"

Dunn slipped an arm about her and drew her to him.

"Yeah, the guy who plays stage detective roles and makes his shield work for him when he's out of a job. I thought of Eddie the other day when I heard Landt runs a bucketshop and then read about the District Attorney getting ready to clean them out. The big lob slipped Eddie three grand to be turned loose. What do you say to that, sweetie?"

Pearl touched the thick roll of bills with her rose-tipped finger. Her sigh was deep, fervent and genuine.

"Well," she answered softly, "it's one way of getting to Chicago, isn't it, Johnny?"



"THAT CHORINE HAS A GREAT REPUTATION FOR BREAKING DATES."
 "NEARLY EVERY ONE SHE GOES OUT WITH!"

Man-Handled

By Miles W. Kimball

THEY had been married only six weeks when he learned the truth. Now that it had been revealed to him, he drew himself up and stared angrily at his pretty young wife.

"Why, I can't believe it of you!"



he exclaimed. "Not of you! To think that you've crossed the thresh-holds of such places! That you have gone there twice even since we've been married!"

"Oh, Egbert, dear!" his wife protested boredly as she powdered her nose.

"You are *so* old-fashioned!"

"Old-fashioned!" the man shouted. "If being decent is old-fashioned, then I'm glad to say I am! Why, have you no shame that you can go to such places? Don't you know that any and all kinds of men frequent places like that? Anyone who has the price!"

He broke off to stare a-new at his young wife. Ravishingly pretty, her beauty was more than ever tantalizing to him now. He noticed her dress—just long enough to be concealing and just short enough to be challenging. Just now, as she leaned back on the divan, it was much more challenging than concealing.

"And I suppose you let those men handle you?" he accused. "Let them put their hands on you, and run their fingers through your hair, and . . ."

"Well, naturally," his wife murmured lazily. "What did you think they do at such places! Egbert, do try to be more modern! Every woman in my set gets her hair trimmed at men's barber shops now!"

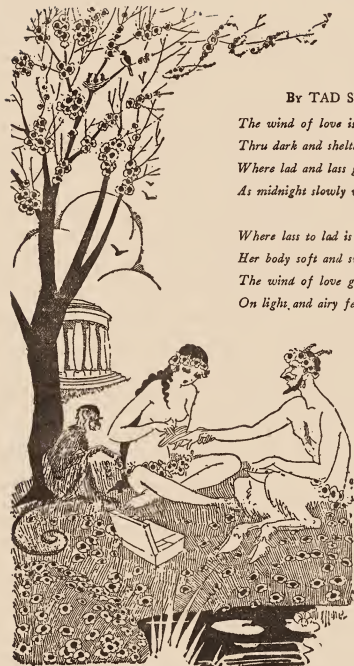
AND IF SO?

By TAD SYDNEY

*The wind of love is blowing
Thru dark and sheltered lanes
Where lad and lass go petting
As midnight slowly wanes.*

*Where lass to lad is yielding
Her body soft and sweet
The wind of love goes roaming
On light and airy feet.*

*The wind of
love is
crooning
A song of
ecstasy;
Oh will it
come some
June night?
And sing to
you and
me?*





"SHALL WE LOVE?" HE ASKED.
 "I SHOULD SAY, NOT!" SHE ANSWERED.
 BUT DID SHE?



"I hear he made love to her in
 public at that party—did you ever?"
 "Not yet!"



*"That girl ain't honest."
 "Wha'dye mean she ain't
 honest?"*

*"She liquors, she rolls her
 eyes, she swaps good ones —
 and then she says good night!"*

Dab: "Saw you outside the
 new revue star's house last
 night."

Dub: "I live there."
 "Where?"
 "Outside her house."



Broadway's

*You can't do better for
to pick one of these
selected out of the cur
best bets now*

New Moon Imperial

Another Schwab & Mandel triumph and one of the most resplendent shows that has been presented in New York this season. It is a joy with its skillfully executed scenery, lingering melodies, pulse-quickenings voices, beautiful costumes, and gorgeous ladies. "New Moon" is beyond words.

Robert Halliday as Robert, a bond-servant, falls in love with his master's daughter Marianne, otherwise known as Evelyn Herbert. Robert, a fugitive from justice, had sold himself to pay passage to New Orleans, a French territory. Here he and a friend he had helped, plan to overthrow the King. Marianne is unwittingly made an accomplice of the King's officers in the arrest of Robert. Robert is put in chains and set on board the "New Moon" to sail for the guillotine awaiting him in France—but Philippe, Robert's friend, pursues the ship, rescuing Robert and taking all the passengers prisoners. Robert establishes a colony on a lonely island where Democracy reigns. The rules of the colony being that every man and woman must marry, he takes Marianne as wife—in name only, since he believes she betrayed him, and she thinks

he no longer cares for her. On the first anniversary of the colony, he decides to send Marianne back to New Orleans. That night they learn their respective errors and they become man and wife in one of the most passionately tender scenes of the show. As a fitting climax, France becomes a republic, Robert is forgiven and becomes governor of his island and the husband of his wife.

"New Moon" is the pinnacle of entertainment. Gus Shy, as Robert's former servant, will keep your funny bone under constant pressure. He's a riot. Evelyn Herbert's singing of "Lover Come Back To Me," "One Kiss," and "Wanting You" is marvelous. Robert Halliday's voice puts over "Stouthearted Man," and William O'Neal as Philippe singing "Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise" is unbeatable.

More we cannot say. You must see it.

Lady Fingers, Liberty Theatre

A clever intrigue involving a sly young safecracker who experienced less difficulty with ladies' hearts than he did with bank vaults. This gentleman—known as Lady Fingers—breaks open a bank and then decided to leave town for his health, with Dick Tain, his unsuspecting pal. They wind up at an exclusive health resort. Here a former romance between Dick and Hope Quayle, one of the patients, ripens into that suspended state of animation called

Best Bets

*a Broadway Night than
shows. They have been
rent theatre fare as the
on Broadway.*

love. Meanwhile Jim (Lady Fingers) has made many eyes at Molly, a nurse at the camp, and his aches and ills suddenly multiply. Jim and Dick are suspected as being the robbers, so in order to prove their innocence Jim gives back the bonds. Everything turns out all right, and Jim, who had no trouble evading the police, finds himself surrounded and captured by the little blonde. He may have been cold to other women but he was hot to Molly (tamale).

Eddie Buzzell as Jim wins the white-washed pickle with a line of witticisms that are unbeatable. He describes a girl as a California bungalow, modern, but no heat; and he raises a row when the Doc tells him to drink donkey milk (Acidophilus). Listen to him tell the story of the "Two Pigs." Marjorie White as the nurse puts over "Sing" and then brings down the house with Eddie in their aria entitled "Ga-Ga." John Price Jones as Dick and Louise Brown as Hope put over the musical hits called "When I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "You Give Me Something To Live For." To top it all there is a chorus of fetching youngsters and a colored dancing team that will leave you breathless. The best entertainment possible for one night on Broadway.

Harlem Times Square

Jazz-mad, passion drunk Harlem in



a realistic moment as portrayed by a capable negro cast. A fast moving thrilling story of night life in the Black Belt. The city within a city revealed in all its sordidness.

"Harlem" is the story of a girl who tries to make the worst of her environment and succeeds. Delia Williams is the oldest girl of a family of Carolina negroes who had come to Harlem because of the glowing promises made them by one of the sons who had made good in the Black Metropolis. But the promises did not come through because Pa Williams lost ambition and waited for fortune to seek him out. Ma Williams took in washing in order to keep her brood together. Delia refused to be coaxed or forced to do anything useful. All she wanted was men, the bigger, stronger, and darker they were, so much the better. Pa, in order to pay the rent, runs a rent party, a proceeding known only to Harlem. At this party, an admission fee is charged, and the liquor and food is paid for as it is consumed. This party scene is one of the most vivid and barbarous spectacles that has been shown in a long time. At

this affair dissension arises when Basil, a boarder at the Williams home and in love with Delia, attempts to take her away from Ray Crowe, a notorious gangster. The party culminates in a riot when Delia does a muscle dance and is thrown out of the house by her father. She goes to live with Ray Crowe and she is discovered at his apartment by another gangster during the course of a torrid love affair, and murder follows. Then action comes thick and black, the story ending with Delia running off to live with a red-hot jazz pianist.

The show is a hard-hitting effort that strikes home. Grotesque dances, negro passions rising to white-hot heat, slang expressions never before heard, and seeing the way the New York negro lives will leave you deeply impressed.

Music in May *Casino*

Collegiate ramblings of another day! "Music in May" is a delightful picturization of student life in Vienna a century ago. The difference is that where these students had their beer, now we have our soda water.

Love in 1820 was not so different, though. Even then it incited the boys to riot. The boards at the old Casino Theatre echo the tramp of the rebellious student body, bent on kidnapping the Prince who is the cause of all their troubles; the villainous tread of Baron Metternich (yes, the same) as he plots against the true lovers; the light tripping of Vita, belle of the University town, and the slinking tread of the Comtesse Olga, villainess supreme. Charlotte Woodruff is excellent as the Comtesse and Joseph Lertora makes the historic figure of the Baron come to life.

A sprightly hevy of Chester Hale girls adds a whirling dash of color to an already resplendent spectacle. A well trained chorus of male voices

makes much sincere pre-war whoopee while under the influence of the old spirit.

Solly Ward is capital as the official umbrella maker to the Emperor, and chief wisecracker of the piece.

A Schubert production and worthy of the name.

Show Boat *Globe*

Whether you did or whether you didn't see the gorgeous "Show Boat" while Mr. Ziegfeld's Theatre boasted it, it will be worth your while to pay a visit these nights to the Globe Theatre, where the picture version of the Ziegfeldian opus is to be seen—and heard.

Here is the irresistible "Ol' Man River" sung first by Jules Bledsoe himself from the stage of the Ziegfeld (via the camera) then by Laura La Plante as Magnolia, the heroine of the picture. Other hits of the show are to be heard as they were originally presented—by Helen Morgan and Aunt Jemima.

The picture version of the Ferber story is faithful and extremely colorful. Show boat days on the Mississippi are brought to life by the magic wand of the director—the calliope screams, the darky population listens pop-eyed to the heroine turned out into the winter's night, and the gentleman gambler weds the show boat owner's daughter by a ruse.

It is worth the price of admission alone to hear the real darky version of old river songs crooned as the show boat glides along under the moon.

Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut do beautifully by the leading roles and Jane La Verne, first as the child Magnolia, then as Magnolia's daughter, is both an excellent small actress and a lovely child.

One of the best bets along Broadway these nights.

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By THE BROADWAYFARER

MOST of the regulars along Broadway will tell you that there ain't no sech animal to-day as the traditional man-about-town and live spender who used to figure so conspicuously in the romances of yesterday along Broadway. For some reason the rich boys who take their pleasure in the paradise of the night club are more conservative these days.

But—there is one exception.

He comes to

his favorite among the night clubs some six nights out of the week. True, he brings with him his own brand of boot-leg. And perhaps to the management he does not mean so much in the way of profits: he buys for his party some half century worth of food nightly.

But!

Ask the orchestra and also the hostesses and the entertainers what they think of him, and you would be told plenty. It is his



custom to bestow nightly a crisp, brand-new thousand dollar bill upon them to

jured one. "Not so long ago you were a waitress in Childs—what's commoner than that?"

* * * *

Following is the suggestion to be seen just above the cash register of one of the florists in the Broadway Belt:

"A daisy may tell her you love her but an orchid is more convincing."



be divided equally. Every night except Sunday!

* * * *

While night clubs are the topic, this story is credited with having originated in one of the livelier ones. It seems that the bar was somewhat crowded, so that a girl who wished to find a standing room deliberately shoved out of her way another girl who already occupied the coveted place. Indignation was the result.

"Say dearie," the shover (from *Show Boat*) asserted, "we have nothing in common—I'm glorified!"

"Is that so?" disdained the in-

Here's a story on Richard Bennett, the actor.

At the last moment one night he telegraphed an expectant hostess who was awaiting him at her party that he would be unable to attend as he had eaten a dinner redolent with garlic.

But the hostess wired back: "What's a little garlic on a man who will play a part like 'Jarnegan'?"

* * *

It happened outside of a theatre on the opening night of a new revue.

Percy Hammond, the critic, was buttonholed by the manager of the theatre, who queried anxiously if casually, "How did the wisecracks get across?"

And Hammond answered instantly: "On the May-flower!"



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